





# The Holy Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

## The Mowing.

The clock has struck six,  
And the morning is fair,  
While the east is not yet glowing;  
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—  
Let us up and be off to the mowing.  
Wouldst know why I wait  
Ere the sunlight has crept  
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?  
While all night I've kept my own vigil, nor  
sleep?  
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.  
This day and this hour  
Maud has promised to tell  
What the blush on her cheek was half show-  
ing.  
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all well,  
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

## Maud's mother has said,

And I'll never deny,  
That a girl's heart is not knowing.  
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,  
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

## What is it I see?

'Tis the shadow of brown hair  
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.  
Thank God it is Maud—she is waiting me  
there,  
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

## Six years have passed by,

And I freely declare  
That I scarcely have noticed their growing,  
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her shoes of  
brown hair,  
And we had a good time at the mowing.  
—S. H. M. Rogers, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## A Debutante's Story.

The one dream of my life was to be  
an actress. I believed I was born  
to electrify the world. In my very soul  
I felt that I possessed talent, and that,  
too, of a high order. For was not every  
movement of mine and every glance of  
my eye suggestive of the highest tragedy?  
Did I not imitate the staid and  
stride of every leading lady that I had  
seen, to perfection? Why, of course I  
did! And my half was so perfect that  
my friends became alarmed and feared  
that I was getting big disease. My oldest  
sister suggested that I had better sit  
down, and not be forever fussing and  
arranging the little sitting-room!

Debar me from the sitting-room!  
Shut me out from the scene of all my  
future greatness—the place where  
I walked on air—where I had better sit  
down, and not be forever fussing and  
arranging the little sitting-room!

So I made up my mind to leave off  
my half in my mind, and at least the  
sitting-room door was closed behind me.  
Then I was in a world of my own. I  
could stride up and down as I wished,  
make mounds at myself in the mirror,  
and practice falling backward on a little  
bed that was in an adjoining room.

I practiced all these things daily with  
the most gratifying result. One day  
when I was doing the back fall with  
more than the usual force, and crying,  
"I die! I die!" the bed gave way, and  
every side came down on my head with  
fearful racket. I was pitched back-  
ward, head down and heels up, in which  
position I lay, unable to extricate my-  
self, until the whole family was at the  
bedside in wild alarm.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed  
mother. "She's killed at last!" she  
killed at last! I knew no good would  
come of her talking to herself and mop-  
ing up here all alone!"

"No, she has only fainted," said my  
sister, hoping me to my feet. "How  
on earth did this happen?" she asked  
looking from me to the bed, and from  
the bed to the ceiling, from which, she  
afterward told me, she half expected to  
see a broken rope dangling.

It was no use, I knew I would not  
explain; so my actions remained as  
much a mystery as ever. I intended  
that it should be so. For, notwithstanding  
my intense desire for a public  
life, I was of a very retiring disposition,  
extremely sensitive to ridicule, and very  
nervous. I knew that to display to  
them would bring down on me the  
wrath of the household as well as the  
laughter and sneers of my friends, for  
they possessed all the old-time preju-  
dices against the actress. However, my  
unwillingness to explain only increased  
their suspicions; and I found that no  
matter where I went through the house  
I was always sure to find some one  
there, too; and whenever I chanced to  
look up I always found some one  
watching me. O, I couldn't stand it!  
So I resolved to obey their suspicions  
by not seeming to avoid them.

I offered to help mother with the  
kitchen work, which pleased her very  
much. But my soul was above such  
employment. It was filled with dreams  
of the future—visions of glory! I  
saw beyond the dull confines of the  
kitchen, to the stars—in the theatrical  
firmament. It was not to be controlled  
by the common eye, but by the eye of  
theater; for when mother told me to  
go to the pantry for something she  
wanted, I would find myself  
striking an attitude, my arms extended  
even with the shoulder, and the words,  
"Who dares command me?" springing  
from my lips. Then again, when I was  
told to put coal on the fire, I would  
suddenly become conscious that I had  
the shovel upraised as if to strike an  
imaginary foe, and then looked around  
in fright to see if anybody observed me.

I felt that tragedy was my forte; and  
I longed to shed the light of my genius  
on the world.  
Three days passed in the greatest  
mental excitement; excitement that  
was beyond control. So absorbed was  
I in my thoughts, that I would forget  
everything around me.

One evening, after returning from a  
matinee, my mother set me to peel some  
potatoes for supper. Imagine a tra-  
geienne of the future peeling potatoes!  
As I continued to peel, my mind be-  
came so filled with the play that I had  
just seen, and with visions of future  
triumphs and of no less, that I did not  
until I had taken two of the  
strides into the middle of the floor,  
scattering the potatoes in every direc-  
tion, flourishing the knife above my  
head, and crying, "William, do your  
worst!" that I became aware of the  
situation. My fright was so great that  
I nearly fainted; for I saw my sister  
standing looking at me with her arm  
around mother, who was drying her  
eyes.

"I'll not wait any longer," said my

mother; "I'll call in the doctor to-  
morrow. Aunt Charlotte, poor soul,  
was touched the same way."  
I knew that mother was at hand, and  
that I could not conceal my inclina-  
tions much longer, so I resolved to  
procure an engagement. But how was  
I to manage it? I was not acquainted  
with any theatrical people, and I had  
never seen a manager in my life.

Then there was my appearance. What  
manager would overlook a turn-up  
nose, and the reddish hair that could  
be found. The hair I had been recon-  
ciled to long ago, for that could be  
dyed; but the nose I never could get  
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clothespins on it at night, until I got  
into bad dreams of having my nose cut  
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How was I to be reconciled to  
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my soul would burst in its earthly en-  
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So the next day found me at the box-  
office of the N. Y. theater, asking to  
see the manager.  
He was in his private office, and gra-  
ciously consented to see me. But a  
change came over the spirit of my dream.  
My confidence vanished in thin air,  
and I stood trembling and unable to  
utter a word before me as I stepped  
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play to be produced in two months  
from that date.

How can I portray my feelings? I  
was wild with delight! Of course, I  
was to expect no salary, there was too  
much glory for that. To be allowed to  
enter the charmed domain was sufficient  
compensation for a mortal like me.

Rehearsals for the new play began  
almost immediately, and of course I  
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## Lying in Bed.

Taking an occasional day in bed,  
simply on account of indisposition,  
is a very simple and rudimentary no-  
tion of this glorious institution. Bed  
is the natural domicile of every man:

"In bed I lie, in bed I die."  
And born in bed, in bed we die."

Bayard, the French physiologist,  
maintained that man is an animal who  
exercises the thinking faculty best in a  
horizontal position. Thus there are  
high artistic, social and intellectual  
uses connected with the occasional day  
in bed which imperatively claim dis-  
cussion. Brindley, the great engineer,  
when he was fairly bothered, and puz-  
zled by some tough problem, always  
betook himself to bed until he had  
solved it. Most people have a great  
kindness for Lord Melbourne, who,  
under the affectation of frivolity, used  
to get up having breakfast in bed,  
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## Big Rubies of the World.

The finest variety of rubies comes  
from Pegu, where they are found in the  
Capelin mountains; others are found  
in Ava, Siam, Ceylon, Bohemia, France,  
Saxony, Australia, Borneo and Suma-  
tra. The Burmese rubies are long  
and pointed. The working of them is  
called a royal monopoly, and the king  
has among many titles, that of "Lord  
of the Rubies." One of the Burmese  
princes has in his possession a ruby  
that is valued at \$50,000,000. An In-  
dian prince had one of nearly 24 carats,  
and it was bought for 150 pounds weight  
of gold. The Czarina of Russia was  
presented by Gustave III. of Sweden,  
in 1777, with an exquisite ruby the size  
of a pigeon's egg. It is still among  
the crown jewels in the Russian treas-  
ury. Among the French crown jewels  
is a valuable ruby which is cut in the  
form of a dragon with outspread wings;  
and there is said to have been one in  
Paris which weighed 100 carats. One  
of the finest rubies in the world is said  
to be in possession of the king of Pegu.

His excessive purity is the legend of the  
country, and its approximate value has  
never been ventured upon. It is con-  
sidered absolutely invaluable. Miss  
Burton counts of London the for-  
tunate possessor of a superb ruby of  
wonderful size and purity. The cele-  
brated Duke of Brunswick had two ex-  
quisitely engraved rubies, one of which  
weighed 53 carats. There are also some  
magnificent rubies among the Spanish  
crown jewels. Counte Walewski, a  
Hungarian nobleman and a tasteful  
art collector of gems, is said to rejoice  
in the possession of a ruby of the  
weight of 54 carats. A famous ruby of  
the weight of 176 rubies. It is said  
that the church dare not put even  
an approximate value upon them. A  
fine ruby of 57 carats is authentically  
reported as being in possession of the  
German University of Bonn. It is  
worth 80,000 francs. The Imperial Li-  
brary of France also possesses an ex-  
quisitely engraved ruby representing  
Valentine III.—Thomas J. Bouditch, in  
*Troy N. W.* Times.

Let us analyze this lying in bed a  
little further. I maintain that in the  
mere fact of lying in bed there is some-  
thing that nearly costs him his life. The  
wheels of life are oiled and eased.  
The proper and legitimate  
purpose of stopping in bed is to go to  
sleep. There is nothing like sleep.  
There is no tonic or medicine in the  
world like sleep. The man who does  
not sleep the brain gets the better does  
the brain work. All great brain-workers  
have been great



**SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.**

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**FOR MEN & BOYS**

**INGS & CO.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

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Throughout the Coast.  
Montgomery & Bush, Ltd., S. F.

**E SOAP**

**EST**

**VER MADE.**



our wife will persist in the use  
metics buy her a cake of  
PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her  
it every night before retiring,  
it way much of the harm will  
be done, as the skin will thereby  
be able to retain much of its natural  
and beauty.

natural beauty surpasses any-  
thing which can be imparted by  
artificial means. PHOSPHATE  
SOAP gives health to the skin  
by removing impurities and  
eliminating the poisons which give  
rise to skin diseases.

ap toilet soaps manufactured  
in France and refuse grease in-  
stead of the skin and are really more  
effective than PHOSPHATE  
SOAP, which retails for 25 cents  
per cake.

you wish to make your hands  
white buy a cake of PHOSPHATE  
SOAP for 25 cents, and when that  
cake you will buy a dozen and  
recommend your friends to do the  
same.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is made of  
the best toilet soap stock combined  
with the phosphate of soda and  
materials beneficial to the  
skin.

washed hands the constant  
use of PHOSPHATE SOAP will  
be commended by all who give  
it a fair trial.

women who wish to make the  
ir complexion look bright and nat-  
ural use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

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**SOAP CO.,**

San Francisco, Cal.

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AMERICAN GRAPHITE

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Cures Every Form of  
**CHOLERA, DYSENTERY,**  
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DISEASES OF THE  
**STOMACH AND BOWELS,**  
And all Diseases arising from  
**DYPSPESIA,**  
— SUCH AS —  
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**HEADACHE, MIGRAINES,**  
**HEARTBURN, ETC.**  
Is Purely Vegetable.  
None of these is entirely different from any  
ever introduced. These cures will relieve  
every case, but the medicine should be used  
before the digestive organs fully recognize the  
activity, thus preventing any further  
discomfort arising from the food or drink  
consumed.

Get Free at All Drug Stores.  
Size, Price 75 Cents.  
Availability is certain, the Prairie Flower is  
a powerful remedy for all ailments.

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TOLEDO, O.

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# The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1919.

## Sweet Sixteen.

"You think the world is only made  
For you and me, don't you?" he said,  
Laughing down at his boyish scorn,  
Of toying with him and his girl.  
She never turned from where she stood  
Prinking her little silken snood  
Of silken curls before the glass,  
Nor never turned to see him pass.

Not answered him save with a laugh  
That half confessed his boyish "chaff."  
But left alone, confronted there  
With her own image in the glass,  
A sudden blush lit up her face  
With newer youth and fresher grace,  
And eyes that were demurely fixed  
A moment since, with thought untried.

Upon the smooching of a tree,  
Now sparkled soft with consciousness,  
"Why not, why not?" she lightly cried,  
Out of the gay exultant pride.

The sweet white innocence of youth;  
"Why not for me, for me, for me,"  
And such as me the world be made,  
For me its glories all arrayed?

"For since the world and life began,  
What poet's measures have not run  
Through all the strains of minstrelsy  
In praise of me, and such as me?"

"For youth and beauty in its day  
Has ruled the world, and will for aye,  
O'er greatest of them has sung  
In verse that through the world has rung.

"And here's my days to live and reign,  
To take the joy I have the pain,  
From this old world, that's made for me,  
For me, for me, and such as me."

Gay laughter rang through every word,  
And yet beneath the laughter stirred  
A something more than jesting play—  
Just sweet sixteen that very day.

She half believed in sober truth,  
In the sweet innocence of youth,  
That all for her a foolish maid,  
The world's gay glories were arrayed.

—Nora Perry in Youth's Companion.

## The Belle of the Canal.

"Dad wants you to come down there,"  
said a tall, shy, father-colored lad, to a  
Jersey minister.

"Who is your father, my lad?" asked  
the gentleman.

"He's Uncle Jim," was the laconic  
reply, made with downcast eyes.

"Where shall I find him?"  
"Over there,"

"Where?"  
"To the boat—the canal-boat—Erie—  
on the Jersey side," replied the boy,  
venturing to cast a glance round what  
seemed to him a very fine room—the  
tasteful study, with its few pictures  
and articles of bric-a-brac."

"Do you know what your father  
wants of me, my boy?" asked the gen-  
tleman.

"To marry folks."

"Who?"  
"Celia and Pink Joe."

"Who are they?"  
"Why, you know who Celia is, don't  
you?"

"No."  
"Don't?"  
"No."

"That's queer; I thought everybody  
knew'd her. All canal folks does.  
Why, a dozen on 'em have been  
married here, but they couldn't get her."

"Indeed! Tell me who she is then,"  
said the minister, smiling.

"Why, she's boss of the Erie,  
though they call Dad—Uncle Jim—  
cap'n. She's my cousin. She does all  
the pen work aboard. She scores the  
freight; hires and turns off the men;  
and she won't have one that touches  
liquor aboard. She reads the books  
and pictur' papers to us, and spells us,  
and teaches us figures. She scores  
everybody, from cap'n down to the  
drivers on the tow-path—the horses,  
too, for that matter."

"Where is the wedding to be?" asked  
the minister.

"On the boat."

"Indeed! Where do you live when  
you are not on the boat?"

"Nowhere. I was born aboard the  
Erie, and I hope I'll die there. I visited  
to Aunt Selma's farm in Cuy county  
once, and I was awful lonesome in a  
big room all 'lone o' nights! I couldn't  
live in a house."

When the appointed hour came, the  
minister made his way to the wharf,  
where lay a fleet of canal boats three  
deep. He saw the figure of the girl  
leading over two of them to the one far-  
thest out, and was about asking for the  
Erie, when a gaunt, gray-haired man  
stepped up to him, took off his hat re-  
spectfully, and asked:

"Be you the Clergy?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm your man, sir! Give me  
your hand, and I'll lead you over as  
safe as if you were in your own fine  
parlor."

The cabin was merely a long, narrow  
space, with gaily curtained shelves all  
round it, half of which were now let  
down for beds, and were filled with  
sleeping children who were too young  
to take any part in the coming festi-  
vities.

From out of the group of oddly-  
dressed persons gathered there, started  
the clay-colored young fellow, who, as  
he had already seen the minister, was  
regarded as the proper one to extend  
hospitality to him.

"Hallo! Hallo, Clergy!" was the  
primitive salutation. "This way. This  
ere cheer was set for you. This man  
with the gray beard is my father, 'Uncle  
Jim.' This woman with the lace  
collar and the baby on, is my mother.  
That girl with the sky-blue gown and  
lots of light hair on, is Celia, the  
bride; and him next to her, with the  
pink cheeks and the blue necktie to  
match her gown, is 'Pink Joe,' that's  
'em is canal man; and all the rest on  
'em is canal men and their wives and  
families."

Having discharged this with start-  
ling rapidity of speech, the poor fellow  
sank down as if he were exhausted,  
upon the long seat that extended round  
the cabin.

After shaking hands kindly with the  
whole company, and casting a fatherly  
glance at the score of little ones on the  
shelves, the minister seated himself  
with two remark:

"You all seem very cosy and happy  
here. Is the bride to live on the boat?"  
"All eyes were turned on the great  
stern girl with light hair and gray  
eyes, and she replied:

"Yes, sir, else I'll never be a bride!  
I was born on the boat, and when

father and mother died, I put my Uncle  
Jim in captain, and staid here."

"But she's cap'n, after all, Clergy,  
and we all have to step round 'board' to  
this boat, I tell you!" cried an old man,  
jocosely.

"I don't ask anybody to do what I  
won't do myself, Simon. If we're short-  
handed, and there's freight to be taken  
on, or landed, I put my own hands to  
the work, as you may see by my hard-  
ness. I haint had a land bringing-  
up, but I'm not a heathen for all that.  
I've got my principles. I fear God as  
well as I know how. I read my Bible  
and say my prayers; and nobody ever  
lacks a passage on this boat for being  
poor, if I know it."

"I try to do as I'd be done by, and I  
work hard—for I don't believe any-  
body will get to heaven who won't work  
here. I live peaceably with everybody.  
If a man on board is unruly or takes  
liquor, all I do is just to point to the  
tow-path, without a word, and he knows  
what that means."

"I go to church sometimes, but not  
often. In summer we don't haul up  
Sundays, and in winter when we're in  
port, I don't like to go because I don't  
know anybody of land-folks, and they  
stare at me so—I'm sure I don't see  
why, for my clothes are good as any  
other girl's, and better too. Maybe I  
walk different from land-girls."

"Well, I hope your friend beside you  
has the same good principles," said the  
minister.

"He has, sir; but he can speak for  
himself," said the bride, glancing  
proudly toward "Pink Joe."

"Come, Joe," cried Uncle Jim, who,  
like the other men, was in shirt-sleeves,  
but who had a gay necktie on by way  
of a full dress, "I'll tell the Clergy how  
I came about. I'd like him to know  
something about canal life, and can-  
nals folks—for I lay a dollar he can't!"

"Pink Joe, as he was styled in honor  
of his cheeks, rose up, and bowed to the  
minister. Both he and his young con-  
trasted strangely with all about."

"I belong in C—, sir. My father  
deals in canal supplies, and when I was  
a school-boy I got bewitched with the  
boats. It seems like playing up a  
house—washing and ironing and cook-  
ing, all in one little boat."

"My father let me come down to  
New York with boys we knew, and that  
fanned the flame. So when was  
elected, I came aboard the Erie. First  
I only led the horses; then I got a  
place on the boat, and next, well, the  
next thing I did was to fall dead in  
love with the captain—no, no, I mean  
with the captain's daughter!"

"This is a blunder," brought down  
the house.

"You needn't blush, Joe!" cried an  
old man, "for it's about so. Uncle  
Jim will admit himself that she's a real  
captain, though he carries the name.  
You're going to be cap'n of the Erie,  
and she'll look out for him and his  
children, as her father did be-  
fore her."

Uncle Jim grinned and nodded as-  
sent. He was evidently not very sensi-  
tive, and was right with him. He and  
his were only clothed and fed.

"And is your father reconciled to  
your choice of a business, now?" asked  
the minister.

"Yes, sir; and he would have been  
here to-day only that my mother is  
very sick. My sisters were too proud  
to come. It's an honest life; and al-  
though, after my boyish nonsense was  
over, I would as soon had other work,  
I couldn't take it without losing leg."  
"She won't let her go, will she?"

"Not, lead a land life, with anybody,  
and I couldn't live without her."

"She was now anxious to crowd  
herself on a family that despised canal  
folk, and rather bluffed it. She said  
she and my family both put me on  
probation, on hard work, for a year. Father  
offered us a farm; but her home was  
the canal! Then he said, if I liked the  
hard work and the rough life, after an-  
other year's trial, he'd consent to my  
staying on the boat."

"All that year I never got any differ-  
ent words or looks from her than  
old Simon there, did. Then father  
gave her consent, and sent her a gold  
watch, and she agreed to give up all  
the rule here to me. She will do the  
writing, and sew and read, and advise  
me, and Uncle Jim will see to the  
freight. We have good, sober men  
with us, and I can't see why we need  
be looked down on, any more than folk  
that behave themselves and work on  
shore, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"They take their choice, and we  
take ours. I'm satisfied with mine, and  
don't envy any of them; and Joe cast  
a proud glance at the strong handsome  
girl beside him."

And this gave occasion for fresh mer-  
riments among the passengers. When  
all was again quiet, the marriage  
ceremony was performed; and it was  
very touching to see those strong  
men and women, who rarely entered a  
church, drop on their knees to join in  
prayer for the blessing of God on  
their young friends.

After a round of stony congratula-  
tions, which woke up half a dozen of  
the shelled babies, the party was in-  
duced into the next boat, the Erie. The  
minister, the cabin of which had been  
borrowed for a wedding supper. There  
was no release for the poor "Clergy,"  
and all his excuses were met with—  
"It's good and clean, sir; our women  
are just as neat as land-women!"

So, to clear himself from any imputa-  
tion of pride, he sat down beside Uncle  
Jim, who did the carving, while old  
Simon distributed such an amount of  
food that it seemed as if it must have  
filled Fulton market.

Turkeys, ducks, geese, chickens, whole  
pigs with oranges in their mouths;  
every conceivable vegetable and fruit;  
with puddings, pies, cake, nuts and  
candy, vanished like the winds of a  
feast a dream!

When every one at table was sup-  
plied, Uncle Jim still carved on, like  
an artist seeking immortality, and old  
Simon bore off heaped plates to other  
boats, to men and families for whom no  
seats could be provided at the table.

And the whole entertainment, had the  
style been different, would have done  
honor to any housekeeper among  
land-folks.

This was a phase of comfortable life  
which neither the minister, nor we to  
whom he described it, had ever  
dreamed of—a little world by itself,  
outside of the knowledge and sympathy  
of the great world, and all enjoy in  
common.—Youth's Companion.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries  
and its vast numbers sleep without  
monuments. Over their remains the  
strongest blast and the same requiem  
by minstrels of the ocean is sung to  
their honor; there unmarked the weak  
and the powerful, the plumed and the  
unplumed are alike undistinguished.

## The Buddhist Priesthood.

The ranks of the Buddhist priesthood  
in China are generally recruited by  
children, purchased from their parents  
or from kidnappers. It is only in times  
of great distress that the poorer Chi-  
nese will sell even their daughters, still  
less the valued son on whom many pos-  
sibly devote the paramount duty of  
conducting the ancestral worship. Kid-  
naping, however, is by no means an  
uncommon crime, albeit the punish-  
ment on detection is a speedy and im-  
monious death. Occasionally parents  
dedicate a child to Buddha, perhaps in  
fulfillment of a vow, and the victim is  
thereafter formally made over to the  
church by deeds signed, sealed and  
delivered. From this step there is no  
withdrawal. The child's head is com-  
pletely shaved; he is made to live on  
vegetable diet, and to forego the use of  
wine. He is taught to chant the  
Buddhist litany without understand-  
ing a word of them, and after a  
required novitiate, proves his con-  
stancy to the faith by standing unmoved  
while several pillars burn down into his  
scalp, leaving the ineradicable scars  
which only to a monastic life, and  
away forever the things of this world,  
and he has now "left his home" in  
good earnest, and all that remains to  
him in this world is a life of celibacy  
and dull routine. The Criminals fleeing  
from justice not infrequently seek  
refuge in a religious life, submitting to  
the branding of their heads and the  
subsequent discomforts of cloister ex-  
istence rather than fall into the meshes  
of Chinese law. Some of the latter un-  
successful mandarins throw themselves  
into a monastery and take the vows,  
driven to such a step by dread of im-  
perial frown. It is said that a foolish  
official, who, during the year of 1847,  
laid at the foot of the throne his dis-  
covery of the secret of foreign steam-  
ers and forthwith produced a vessel with  
two huge paddle-wheels to be turned  
by coals inside, is even now languish-  
ing in the prison of the Governor of  
the Lofan Hill, in the province of  
Chang-tung, whither he retired after  
the failure of his scheme, covered with  
ignominy and shame.—Cornhill Maga-  
zine.

## Indian Horse-Races.

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thing was conducted with the order and  
accuracy of a military drill."

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upon the ground in a circle, and from  
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# The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, July 24th, 1879.

Drops from Bartlett Springs.  
No. 50, WOODLAND AVENUE, July 15th, 1879.  
EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—My last of the 5th should have been followed by a sprinkling on the 15th, but severe indisposition (of which soon) is my excuse.

After passing the night of June 28th at Williams, spent in an unsuccessful engagement with an army of native mosquitoes, in size resembling humming birds, with a kiss as potent as that of a Spanish tarantula, I took my seat in the coach for the mountains, my companions de voyage consisting of Judge J. E. Hale, of Auburn, Mr. Watson, of Oakland, a gentleman destined for Allen's Springs, and the inevitable John Chisman with an entire seat to himself. Mrs. Judge Hale and daughter occupied the seat with the driver. The ladies being no hindrance to our bachelor proclivities and did good service for the entire journey. Our first ten or twelve miles was over a fine level road, made more delightful by the bracing morning air, when we commenced the ascent of the foot hills, and as by this time the little awkwardness of playing at adverbs and retreat in opening conversation (so naturally unsuited to such occasions), having been happily gotten over, each one steering intent to add his quota of incident or anecdote to render the journey as pleasant as possible, the Judge with a well stored mind and excellent memory making him a most agreeable and solid conversationalist; our two friends much above the average (as we say of the actors), and your humble servant, with a little of the low comedy, while an occasional question or remark from the ladies of the private box, served like Pat's whiskey to the water, lemons and sugar to make the thing complete. To me at least it was a most delightful day's journey, shortened one-half by the jolly and good fellowship of my companions. John, by the way, was a most attentive listener, not making a single remark either in approval or dissent, and occasionally enjoying his briarwood pipe "all the same mellican man." Half-past twelve brought us to our first change and drivers. I hesitate to attempt the description of my gait, but during that brief engagement with a table spread to tempt the most fastidious gourmand—what must it have been to my appetite, greed, honed and strapped to an edge that would have put to shame one of Sheffield's prize rascals? I waited for no word of command, but attacked the enemy at once in front, rear and both flanks, and soon found my plate filled with an indiscriminate mixture of fish, flesh, fowl, pies, cakes and preserves, all rapidly disappearing under my lively play of knife, fork and spoon, washed down by copious draughts of milk, tea and cold mountain water. I stammered out some sort of an apology to the ladies for my Herculean performance, and with a well filled pipe and by no means empty stomach, settled into my seat for the road. I believe if there had been a pickled elephant on that table I would have mastered him. Nothing of interest until reaching Hough's Spring, where I took a draught of mountain mineral water. Hesitating at first, but encouraged by the ladies, I managed about a pint by shutting both eyes; the taste—Oh Ye Gods! a compound of old gun barrels, refuse gas pipes, stale beer and diseased eggs. I quickly lighted my briarwood and whistled to the team to go on. Passing through Leesville, 3 P.M. brought us to Allen Springs, a pleasant spot (of which I future letters). A drink of water, of course, which proved quite palatable, after the last, and again on the road. Three miles brisk drive, and mounting a little rise we were in sight of our destined home. To autograph the register, a quick wash and a walk to the springs, required but a few minutes, when with my first draught from the stone fountain I became a recognized member of the ancient and honorable order of Bartlett Springs. Introductions to various friends of the Judge, a call on friend Tom Tackney, also Mrs. O'Connor, and a hearty supper, sent me to bed in excellent humor. For a night's sleep, to which I did ample justice, awaking in the morning bright and cheerful quite ready for breakfast, and prepared to form my first opinion of the settlement with its surroundings, the waters and our cosmopolitan society, all of which you will find in the next drop, from yours, V. H. JENNIS.

A Trip.  
Accepting a kind invitation we accompanied County Assessor Beamer last Tuesday evening on one of his "foraging" expeditions to the country. A Tax Collector is better known than any other man in the county and his reception is not always of the most appreciable nature, but the boys have become so accustomed to receiving these friendly calls from Dick that they accept the situation, generally, without a murmur. The object of his hunt on this occasion was a threshing machine, Jackson's, which we found on the ranch of Mr. Gibson, about four miles west of Woodland. The large machine was savingly devoured the grain at the rate of from 900 to 1000 sacks a day and doing splendid work. The grain was as plump and well matured as any we ever saw, and turning out far better than expected—which seems to be the case all over the county. We could not get into the wonderful convenience and capacity of Mr. Jackson's outfit. The machine is well known in these parts, however, and we shall not go into details. Byron Jackson's harvesting intentions have become popular all over the State. The crew was composed chiefly of Woodland boys, and they applied their muscular talents in a way that did them credit. At any rate Mr. Jackson says he is decidedly proud of his crew—or any other that can "take in" the Fourth and answer the roll call next morning. After all the delinquents had contributed their \$4.00 each to the support and maintenance of house institutions and free government, and for the glorious privilege of being an American citizen, we directed our course homeward.

The Arab Circus.  
We take the following from the Marysville Appeal of July 18th, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions: "An extraordinary political 'Honorable Billy' arrived in this city and gave an entertainment. We did not attend, but copy the following endorsement from the Oroville Mercury: 'A traveling troupe of Arabs pitched their dilapidated tents in the western part of the city Wednesday, and gave what they styled a circus performance in the evening. The main feature of the show was the energetic manner in which a hungry-looking crowd pounded the bass drum. A balloon ascension was billed, but failed to come to pass. Of all the frauds of robbing our people this season, that circus was the most successful. The canvas comprised six tumble-down wagons, each laden with a sharp-pointed, while the galaxy of talent was a sickly ball-pool, a fat female and a stuffed snake.'"

New Patents.  
We have received notice of the issue of the following patents to Pacific coast inventors, for the week ending July 23rd, 1879. N. Pearson, Gard, S. F.; Barrow, T. E. Gowan, Carson, Nev.; grinding car wheel, P. H. Newell, Los Angeles, Cal.; coin roller, F. Newbold, S. F.; electrical circuit for hotel annunciators; S. S. Tilton, S. F.; automatic server gate.

## "Encyclopædia Britannica!"

AMERICAN REPRINT.

I am now prepared to take subscriptions for the above work in Yolo County.

THIS WORK NEEDS NO PRAISE!

More Complete and Comprehensive than all Cyclopaedias.

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And less than half of any other Cyclopaedia extant; it is within the reach of all who desire.

Full and Complete Library

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An examination of the work is solicited.

J. C. COLMESNIL,

Agent for Yolo County

Address: Capital Hotel, Woodland, my17w

Summer Trade.

1879.

MADISON,

YOLO COUNTY.

W. LEVY,

DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Has on hand Heavy Stocks of Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements.

BUILDING AND SHELF-HARDWARE

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC., ETC.

Ten per cent will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

CALL AT LEVY'S.

Pays Cash for Grain and Wool. my25w

MADISON HOTEL,

MADISON, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

This Hotel is conveniently located on the main road from Woodland to Capay.

Good Accommodations and Charges Reasonable.

W. E. COLE, Proprietor, jy10w

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO County, State of California.

R. F. WELCH vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. E. R. BUSH, Judge of said County Court, Notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent, R. F. WELCH, to be and appear before the said Judge in open Court, at the Court Room of said County, in said County, on MONDAY, THE FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1879, at ten o'clock A.M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why distribution should not be made in accordance with the Assignee's return now on file in this Court, and in accordance with the order in such case made and provided. Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 20th day of June, 1879.

D. M. BURNS, County Clerk. [jy30w]

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of ISAAC T. REEL, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within FOUR months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the law office of J. C. BALL, in Woodland, Yolo County, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate.

J. C. BALL, Attorney. [jy25w]

County Equalization Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Assessors List of State and County taxes for Yolo County, for the fiscal year 1879, has been delivered to me, and that the Board of Equalization will meet to equalize the assessments on the same on MONDAY, the 7th day of JULY, 1879, and will continue in session for that purpose from time to time until the business of equalization is completed, and complete, consisting of Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, Etc., Etc.

H. B. WOOD, [jy1w]

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Miscellaneous Books, Stationery

AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.,

Always to be found at

G. W. GREENE'S

JEWELRY STORE,

Main Street, College Block, Woodland.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner and on short notice. [jy1w]

REMOVAL!

J. A. Wilson,

Furniture Dealer,

Corner K and Seventh Streets.

This Hotel having been newly refitted and furnished is now ready to offer superior accommodations to families as well as to transient guests. FARE ORDERS TO AND FROM THE HOTEL—

ELKS-SING AND GUTHRIE, Props.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS

office: prices according to size—from 25¢ to \$1.00 per hundred; will sell by the thousand.

## New Jewelry Store!

JAMES A. BARCLAY,

WATCH MAKER,

AND JEWELER,

Main Street, - - Woodland.

(SUCCESSOR TO L. MACHEFERT.)

—DEALER IN—

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, TABLE CUTLERY,

PLATED & SILVERWARE,

GOLD PENS, ETC.

The public are cordially invited to call and examine goods and prices. All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

Work Sent by Express Promptly

Attended to.

J. A. BARCLAY.

C. D. MORIN,

At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank

of Woodland,

Is prepared to do all kinds of

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,

—AND—

METAL ROOFING

And Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron

Wares;

ALSO, DEALER IN

STOVES,

PUMPS,

IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES

OF ALL SIZES.

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE,"

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"MEDALLION RANGE."

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

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CALVANIZED IRON

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All Sizes, made to order.

AGENCY FOR

Rose's deep well Force Pumps,

TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS

Can be had at my Store.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY

Promptly attended to.

SHOP ON MAIN STREET.

(Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store.)

C. D. MORIN, [jy1w]

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Hardware, Woodware, Paints, Oils,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

Myer's Excelsior Gang Plow!

ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE.

He also calls attention to his

Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,

And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in

IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES,

BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS,

HINGES, ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY.

Cutlery, in Every Style,

CORDAGE, BLASTING POWDER,

Fuse, and all kinds of Ammunition.

The stock of PAINTS, OILS, ETC., is large and complete, consisting of Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, Etc., Etc.

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MOWERS,

HEADERS,

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—GO TO—

P. S. FREEMAN & CO.,

Who sell Everything in the way of

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—AT—

SAN FRANCISCO WHOLESALE PRICE!

As they import their goods DIRECT FROM THE FACTORIES!

We will sell General Merchandise Cheaper than Ever at our

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Dealer in all kinds of

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A Large Assortment Always on

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AT REASONABLE PRICES!

—ALSO—

GENERAL UNDERTAKER!

I keep on hand a large lot of Burial Cases and Coffins, and have a FIRST CLASS HEARSE, so that I am prepared to supply

Everything Necessary for Funerals on Short Notice!

STORE, COR. THIRD & MAIN STS.,

Opp. Peckman's Stables,

WOODLAND. [jy1w]

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AMERICAN

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

—AT—

WHOLESALE PRICES!

83,000 SMITH'S ORGANS

—AND—

40,000 PIANOS NOW IN USE.

Each Instrument Warranted for Ten Years!

Any style of Piano or Organ sent on 15 days' test trial by furnishing Banker's, Express or R. R. Co's Certificate of Deposit for amount; also, Sheet Music at one-half marked price.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists to

JAMES S. SMITH,

MANUFACTURER'S AGENT,

200 Post, and 201, 203 and 205 Dupont Street,

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THE TAMPICO BUSTS

Now used in

A Large and Well Selected Stock

FIRST-CLASS

FASHIONABLE TAILORING GOODS.

Prices to Suit the Times.

A. BUTZ,

Main St., Opp. Craft Hotel. [jy5w]

WOODLAND MEAT MARKET!

A few doors West of Postoffice.

BARNES & CO., Proprietors.

(Successors to Byrns, Gable & Co.)

ALL KINDS OF

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Kept constantly on hand, and of the best

qualities, including Beef, Mutton, Veal,

Pork, Sausage, Lard, Etc., Etc.

The Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle,

Hogs and Sheep.

A DELIVERY WAGON will carry meats to any part of town.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and all who favor us with their orders may rely on fair dealing. [jy1w]

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Manufacturer and Dealer in

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UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A few now placed in connection with the business.

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DEALERS IN

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GRAIN AND GRAIN BAGS!

Low Prices for Goods, and

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